

CORADDI ARTS FESTIVAL MARCH 1960

March 1960

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ARTS FESTIVAL

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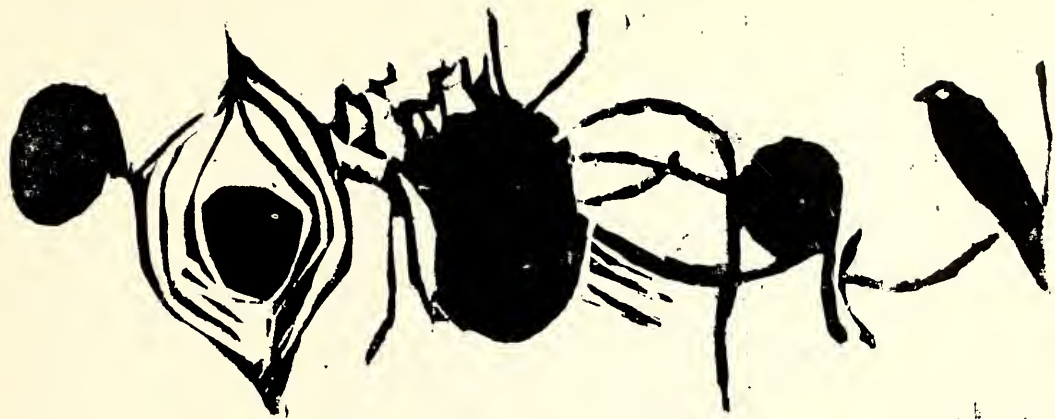
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The Skylark

ANN DEARSLEY

I.

A Bumble and a Humble bee
Were squatting on a rose.

Said the Bumble to the Humble
Bee: I would own this flower: Move.

The Humble bee flew. As he did so,
A dove dove to devour the Bumble
Bee, though it is common knowledge
The dove expresses a preference for
Humble bees, and cannot eat two bees
At a time.

NORMAN BURNETT

II.

A hermit and a young social climber
Were sitting on a rock.

"I like onion sandwiches," said the hermit.

"So do I," said the young man.

"I EAT onion sandwiches," said the hermit, chewing.

At this the young man said nothing.

NORMAN BURNETT

THE WEIGHT OF ECHOES

The old porch swing
Creaks with the weight
Of all the evenings
When the children called for places by
 Grandfather,
And scuffed the floor beneath.
The forbidden carvings marked the visits,
Now to list a vacancy.

Grandfather, Thank God,
Is Dead.
The weather-boarding,
Wash-brown and faded,
Warp-lines the length
Of the sleeping host.
The ghost slides on bannisters.

In first days
The trolley stopped at the corner
And everybody called you by family.
Uncles with silver dollars,
Old Glory for a holiday,
Light under the door of the big room.
You knew it had always been that way.

Grandfather is a Legend.

The elms are no more.
There's not a place left
Where you can remember having run.
The crepe myrtle is cut back
Until you wish they'd take it all.
Apartment houses rent next door.

You wipe away the noise
Which runs over your conscience,
To take it all.

The highway breaks the back
Of laughter and divides
The visits into business.
My years echo the rusty groans
 of the old porch swing.
I know I turn away
So as not to see it go!

EMILY HERRING



Among the Grapefruit:

MELISSA BASSLER

4.



Pen and Ink Drawing:

ZORA BENSON

NO PASHAS ON THE GOLDEN HORN

GULEN AKBAY

University of Alabama

Even before the ash-colored doves of the Yeni Masque began their morning wooing, Mehmet Efendi, the petition writer, almost as old as the Yeni itself, came to his professional post at the corner of the cemetery across the street from his age-mate temple. He was clad in a brown, velvet-collared, ambassador style coat with only a silk scarf around his neck, despite the biting cold of the slow, fool's rain that seemed slight and harmless, yet reminded Mehmet Efendi of his rheumatism and the warm mangal at home with red hot coal pieces in it. His widow sister, ten years younger than him, had lighted the mangal and prepared the jasmine-smelling tea before the sun rose across the Golden Horn. While Mehmet Efendi was sipping his tea in his old, heavy, silk robe which he refused to change for a pricking woolen one, she had warmed his shoes and his silk scarf fringed at both ends, another item that Mehmet Efendi was determined not to give up. Fahamet, his sister would nag him lovingly — which Mehmet Efendi secretly liked — that he should change his scarf for a warmer one. "Efendi Agabey," she would keep saying, "Istanbul's weather is like mercury; it melts your bones and throbs your rheumatism. Please, put on a woolen scarf."

Mehmet Efendi would smile with pale lines deepening around his eyes. "No, Fahamet," he would say. "The old silk is even warmer than those paper-thin woolen ones." And he tied it around his neck, feeling the softness of the knot against his parched skin. Then he would go out without saying good-bye. The two of them never liked to say good-bye, for it was a sad word, and the ferry-boat, KadiKay, that took Mehmet Efendi from Kasimpasha pier to the Galata Bridge was an old and shaky one, and Mehmet Efendi was quite a bit past his seventy, though his thin, erect body, long, bony face and high bridged nose would never claim more than sixty. Only his deep-set grey eyes were dampened by age with yellow veins spoiling the bluish whiteness of the iris. But Mehmet Efendi did not believe in aging; the older he was, the better he felt, for he was convinced that his mind was growing richer than ever with memories and future ideas based on the past.

"Consider the walls of Istanbul," he had said often to Fahamet who looked older than him in spite of the ten years difference in her favor, "those walls are almost ten centuries old, and they are still seeing the new buildings crumble down . . ." And Fahamet would shake her head and sigh, crossing her arms over her shrunken chest that had once fed two children who now were buried behind the iron bars of the cemetery that Mehmet Efendi worked in front of.

Mehmet Efendi straightened his shoulders and glanced around before he sat on his permanent stool. It was such a dim and quiet early morning. No short-skirted, painted, hurrying females around; no taxis with high-tempered drivers wearing zip-up Montgomery jackets and eternally quarreling with each other. It was almost like, Mehmet Efendi thought, smiling inside, like an Ottoman Empire morning, just before the First World War when pashas promenaded with their silver-handled canes, upturned brilliantined moustaches, and red cloaks, always

giving occasional glimpses of their shining decorations. Mehmet Efendi sighed. But now there were no more pashas around; only early-rising office workers with lunch bags stuck under their arms walking up the Mahmutpasha street; construction workers that tore down an old inn the day before; and he, Mehmet Efendi, with his silk scarf, black leather bag containing his work tools—assortments of abonoz pens with silver tips, batches of white paper and hokka inkpots. The construction workers seemed old and tired to Mehmet Efendi suddenly, in spite of the early morning freshness. He sat down on his stool covered by a black cushion behind the small oak table with a wooden sacak over him, the only protection from the insistent rainy days of Istanbul. "Yes," Mehmet Efendi thought, "they definitely look tired and haggard, hunching at the corners of the State Business Bank with their kaskets on." Mehmet Efendi straightened his already erect back. The workers were sipping salep loudly as if to show their appreciation of the thick, milk-like beverage to the salep-maker in front of the Yeni Masque, now and then jingling the bells of his shining brass salep containers to call customers, at the same time waking-up the doves of the mosque.

Mehmet Efendi looked at his watch inside his vest; it was almost seven-thirty. "Very soon they will come," he thought, looking at the other petition-writer stands at his side. There were two others; an oldish fellow, Mehmet Efendi's conversation-and-afternoon-tea mate, Kazum; and the other—Mehmet Efendi knitted his eyebrows at the thought of the other. That fresh young man with a loud laughter and an even louder typewriter ticking away the petitions like a machine on his red-ribboned typewriter. "Petitions to state officials in red letters!" Mehmet Efendi thought with distaste. "How lowly," when he could write them in a clear, straight hand with blackish-blue ink. Mehmet Efendi nervously took a Bafra pack from his coat pocket and lighted one. Even the cigarettes were machine made now, without the craftsmanship of rolling pure, clean tobacco in thin, silk-like paper. "For all I know," Mehmet Efendi thought, slightly coughing with a cloud of smoke rushing in his eyes, "they might slice dry olive leaves and stick them in those hay-smelling nalet cigarettes," and he coughed again upon his thought. "Red-ribboned typewriters and hay cigarettes," he murmured, wrinkling his dry sawn brow in intricate lines. "But Certin," he did not even want to pronounce that horrible sounding, ultra-modern name of the red-ribboned typewriter owner. Certin was writing five petitions to Mehmet Efendi's scarce one. And for more money too, since the typed petitions were favored more by the state officials than the longhand written ones. At least that was what Mehmet Efendi had heard from Kazum, his other colleague. The petitions that Mehmet was asked to write now were permissions for a five meter square cemetery from the State Birth and Death Department or petitions for changing names from Musa to Isa to the court house. It was not like that at all. For Mehmet Efendi had the most beautiful penmanship of all the people he knew, especially his "g" with the tail curving smoothly and his select, respectable style of composing the petitions.

5.

(Continued on Page 6)

His father had been a clerk with the Ottoman Empire correspondence circle and Mehmet Efendi was said to have inherited his talent for penmanship. After his education in Darulfumum, Mehmet Efendi had become a "hattat," writing with gold the classic poems of Haïam or Nedim in old Arabic on metal plates or parchmente paper—an art which was no more sought for a few years after the alphabet of Turkish government was changed in 1923 into Latin "s-b-c" with only straight lines, dots, and occasional circles lacking the intricate, ornate curves of the "elif-be-se" of the old Arabic alphabet. After some years of struggling to reincarnate his art, he had given up and had become a petition writer sitting at this corner for almost thirty years from early in the morning till office closing time when no one would ask for petitions anymore. Not that he needed money: Mehmet Efendi's father had left enough fortune for him and his sister to live modestly for at least fifty years. But Mehmet Efendi liked to work, not only for pleasure, but also for the sake of the work itself. His hattat art was only a hobby now, filling the walls of their small three-room house with plates of gold writing. He was not complaining about his petition-writer job; but in spite of his craftsmanship, there was not the accomplishment of the artist he was before.

Mehmet Efendi closed his arms on his chest, straightening up his chin. His cigarette was still burning in his hand. He threw it on the wet asphalt and crushed it with the tip of his long oval patent shoes that were covered at the sides with old-fashioned getrs which he always wore since his young bachelor days till his mature bachelor period of now. He had never bound himself to the female species, though he had had, of course, quite a few amours of secret sort. Meetings at the Emirgan Mountain cafes, behind weeping willows, with hazel-eyed, thin-veiled, blushing widows; or trips to the solitary Prince's Islands near Istanbul on the side-wheeled, old ferryboats with young, innocent heiresses who arranged their rendezvous with the fortune-teller, gypsy women who visited houses every Thursday with secret messages stuck in their skirt belts. Maybe Mehmet Efendi's minute affair with the heiress could have worked out into a marriage, but the fortune-teller had made a mistake and had given the wrong message to that beautiful daughter of Nazum Pasha and the heiress had married a young clerk who was the owner of the wrong message. Of course, all those were in the old days, in Mehmet Efendi's youth; during the sick-man period of the Ottoman Empire.

A green sedan splashed muddy water of the asphalt onto the sidewalk; the first car of the early morning, tearing Mehmet Efendi's attention away from his recollections to the tiny water specks on his coat. He shook them away with his white handkerchief still warm from the ironing. The morning noises of blue-bead-for-the-evil-eyes sellers, footsteps of hurrying office managers with hands in pockets, the traffic police whistles slowly mingled with the dolmus-car crier's voice calling, "Two more persons to Taksim, two more. Won't wait! . . ."

Mehmet Efendi opened his leather bag and neatly spread his paper, pens, and ink-pots on the oak table. The others, his colleagues, had not come yet. He wished that Kazum would appear with his stocky legs moving in small paces, carrying the aroma of his breakfast olives and his children's rosewater smelling kisses. Kazum was not of the same generation as Mehmet Efendi; he was still in his late fifties, but Kazum knew the old times, and appreciated their past, slow, oriental pace. Mehmet Efendi was secretly happy to have someone who still wrote long hand petitions and did not care about flashy Italian

ties or inconsistent modern jazz. It was kind of a strength for Mehmet Efendi to have Kazum work by his side. The two of them would talk about the old toll bridge period of Galata; about the torn-down, old inn which was once the meeting place of several well-known pashas. Kazum was worried about the slowness of business and the expense at home for the children, but Mehmet Efendi was politician enough to steer the conversation away to the Blue Mosque architecture or to the Byzantium mosaics in Kariye. And now, Mehmet Efendi longed for him to come and to chat a few words.

A trench-coated, shoulder-length chestnut-haired woman stepped out of a taxi at the dolmus stand, sticking her powder case in her pocket. Mehmet Efendi lowered his eyes not to notice her opening knees under the trench coat. The woman approached Mehmet Efendi's petition-writing table. She smelled of freshly put-on powder, sweet and perfumed, like a bakery cake shop.

"How do I get to the Egyptian Bazaar," she asked in a nasal voice, touching her loose hair.

"She has a cold," Mehmet Efendi thought. "Of course, she would catch cold with those open legs and neck." She had not even called him "sir." Mehmet Efendi did not like to speak with curious, ill-mannered strangers. He turned his head away and sniffled with distaste.

The woman waited a moment and then murmured something like, "What a character," or "He has no character," then walked away towards the blue-beads-for-the-evil-eye seller.

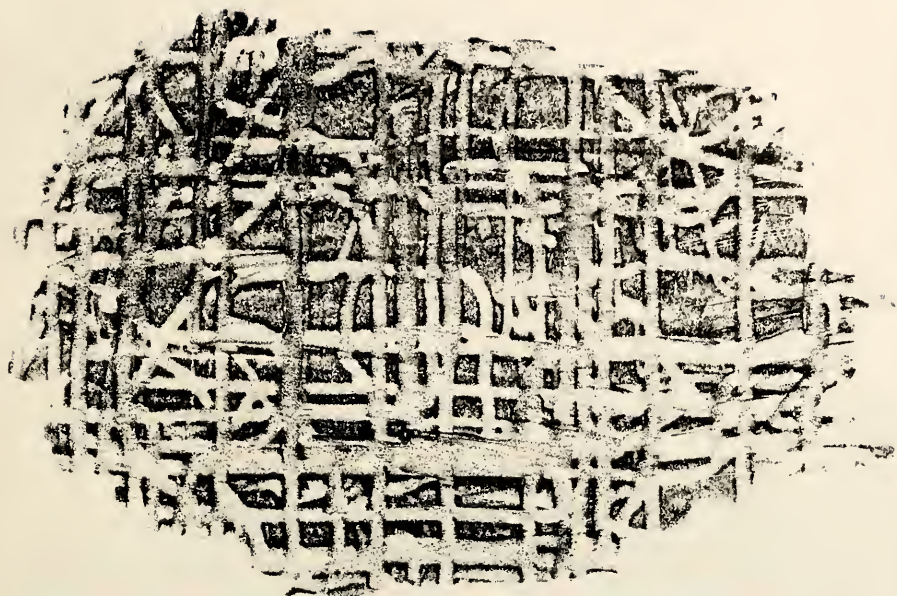
"Serves her right," Mehmet Efendi thought; "Just right." He sniffed again. The street was completely awake now with snickers, commercial criers, traffic noises, and sneezes.

"Good morning, Mehmet Efendi." The Cetin fellow with the red-ribboned typewriter was placing his portable on the table beside Mehmet Efendi.

"Aleykumselam," he murmured back to Cetin, not wishing to carry the conversation further. It was enough to hear the tramping of the keys ending in red spots on the white paper without Cetin's hoarse voice. Besides, Mehmet Efendi did not have the slightest interest in the current detective movies or the imported spare car parts. He turned his head towards the taxi stand. It was nine o'clock on the big clock beside the mese tree and no customers had shown up yet. Cetin was already typing up a petition that was probably ordered the night before.

A young, rural-looking man with tight breeches approached the petition writing area with some papers in his hand. Mehmet Efendi noticed his red moustache almost covering his fleshy lips. The man looked at Mehmet Efendi's solitary table, then glanced at Cetin's activity. He slowly walked towards Cetin's place; he stood there watching the shivering table under the pounding typewriter admiringly and waiting for his turn to come.

Mehmet Efendi shifted on the cushion and aimlessly: touched his inkpot, a possession that had passed on to him from his late father. The ancient inkpot still had the arabic insignia of his father's first initials on it, R.M.; Rahmi Mehmet. The keys of the typewriter were moving noisily beside Mehmet Efendi. He turned his head towards Cetin. The typist-petition-writer was catching the tip of his tongue between his teeth and protruding his chin over the machine. Mehmet Efendi looked away and began wondering anxiously where Kazum could be. If he would come, Mehmet Efendi would not have to bear silently with this busy mechanic of a pseudo-petition writer, and the open-mouthed rural customer.



Pencil Rubbing

ANN WEEKS BONITZ

7.

MAD

There is much at the bottom of the sea:
Bread and wheels and windows with faces,
Thumb-babies, wine, and unmentionable places.
Even you and I are there.
We CUT ALONG THE PERFORATED LINE,
and REFRIGERATE WHEN OPENED.
We ADD HOT WATER and PRESS HERE.
Your pajamas have little bulls on them;
And I don't have any pajamas, dear.
The cat goes out with the evening,
Comes in with the morning.
Rarely do we find gross precipitation forming.

Perhaps, once or twice, we rise to the top
To see if all is as it should be up there
In the transcendental air.
We watch the odd intellectual dance,
Then sigh and say:
"This is all very nice,
But I must go cover up my tomato plants."

HEATHER ROSS MILLER

STEPHEN

For some time now his mother had said "When you are sixteen we'll get you a clerking job here in town. I don't want you at sea with your father and brother". Then she would take out the picture from her black leather purse and look at them for minutes at a time before placing them out of sight. In the house she leant against the wooden mantelpiece over the fire and stood before the framed olive portraits. Then a heavy sadness was in the room, and even crept in from the outdoors at these times. He remembered how once his mother's words and the dark fumbling in her purse had come while he had his back to her, his face in a rose. Then a gust had pulled the petals from the flower and left him with the yellow pollen stamens, straight, stiff and rigid with life, but without real beauty. The sea had done this to his mother; the stuff of life was still there, she, working as a clerk in the daytime for a dress shop, and her youngest son bent over his evening studies, but her husband had been the inner petals and her son the outer so that the loveliness of life had blown.

Stephen's mother talked continually on the subject of his staying home after his studies finished. "You're not going out there to join them" she said, with a wide sweep of her arm in the general direction of the small fishing harbour and the ever rolling water. "You're an intelligent young man and Dunn's needs a clerk. I told them you'd be through in less than a fortnight and they said they could probably find room for you".

8. "But Mother," he said miserably, "I don't want to be shut up in that dark room with all those women chatting about thread and material all day long".

"Well, what do you want to do, other than get on the boats?"

"That's all I want to do", he said, and kept his head hanging down so as not to have to look at her face, and then, at the silence . . . "Perhaps I could get work on a farm someplace out in the open . . . over at Romney perhaps".

"Stephen" his mother said, "I have not brought you up to herd sheep or stand at a plough. I have not worked to send you through school to see you over at Romney on the land or to see you at sea".

"Let me go to sea, Mother. It's all I want, and I'd be more than a laborer on the ships, what with the extra schooling". His head looked up with questioning green eyes at his mother.

She turned towards the mantelpiece and ran her fingers around the frames sitting there. "You will do what I say", she said, "at least for a few more years." They had been through this so many times before and she could feel his longing to the sea and his dissatisfaction running through the room. Before it had always been "I don't really want you out there" or "give yourself time before you start that hard life" and now the real answer had been given words even though they both knew what it would be long before they started. Because Stephen loved her he did not contradict her but felt the need to please in return for all she had given him.

The next evening, in addition to his usual studies he bent over the smoothed and worn kitchen table with the gas lamp turned to its full flame to complete the forms sent out by Dunns and carried home by his mother. They were two pages long, headed by large black type announcing the application before him.

"From 7:30 A.M. until 6:00 P.M. you will work faithfully in our employ with a half hour break at the noon hour. You will be expected to serve the firm of Dunn and Son in a clerking capacity to the best of your ability. Usual starting wages for a junior clerk are 9d. an hour, and there is room for advancement for good workers".

"Mother", he asked, "what was the exact title of my father's occupation?"

"Second mate, *Sue Allen*" she replied, not looking up from her mending.

"I shall underline *Sue Allen*" he said.

The rest of the two pages were filled out in silence, Stephen writing carefully along the hundred dotted lines and his mother tending to her sewing. He finished writing saying "That's as neat as I can make it" and she placed the folded papers into her bag. "I'll give them to Mr. Henner tomorrow," she said, and he thought of a back, black room with the new, ironing warm smell of cloth. In three days time it was arranged that Stephen should start work as soon as his studies ended.

School finished. There was a speech by the headmaster and a paper by one of the boys. Stephen sat behind the speakers with the rest of his class, stiff, clean and without a smile. After the ceremony and the great flourish of handshakes and backslapping among the boys there was talk of the future, and the boys going on board swaggered a degree with their hands thrust in their hip pockets. Not one of them was entering as a common sailor, but all were going to make use of their mathematics, and one even of his French in a channel boat. Stephen left before the others, joining his mother as she was talking outside of the school building. She said to him "I am very proud you have rewarded me" and they walked home. They both felt the distance between them but the one consoled himself by thinking his actions proper, and the other by knowing that her son was with her, although she would not allow herself to really rejoice. Real rejoicing had ceased long ago, and the single son could never bring back all she had lost.

At six the next morning his mother packed two lunches instead of one and they walked for twenty minutes to the brown little shop with the frosted glass pane in the front door. The shop announced itself on a discreet brass plaque below the keyhole and above the letter slot. Once inside, and introduced to Mr. Henner, Stephen was alone, for his mother disappeared into hundreds of cloth hangings. The two men went into the depths of the shop. It was very long, and they passed many wooden platforms, about elbow high, all stacked, draped and hung with materials. Behind each platform stood a girl, a pencil and pad of paper at her fingertips. All of the girls wore long skirts with aprons and had their hair pulled up in luxurious amounts on their heads. When Stephen went past, stepping loudly on the boards they looked as one person, the older ones with approval and the youngest with interest.

Finally Mr. Henner pointed out his desk. The back room was lighter than he had expected, with three windows along the flat back wall. In the middle of each side wall hung a bracket with a gas lamp which was lit even this early in the morning. His desk was one of six arranged in two rows of three like a small class. It faced the window, and out of the back could be seen a brick wall, a few stems without leaves, scratchy treetops and high, far away



9.

Figure and Thought, Detached

ANN DUNCAN

clouds which were sailing over the ocean. The tops of the windows were just open and a salt wind blew chill along the ceiling and down into the room. The windows were always open, even in winter. He was introduced to the five other clerks. "If you need to know anything, ask one of them" Henner said. "Of course, we will start you out with simple work so that you will learn all of the fine points gradually and thoroughly".

Stephen addressed envelopes all day. He ate his lunch at the desk and looked out on the brown stems, some sort of daisy or dahlia, he thought. He kept waiting for the envelopes to disappear, but the pile remained the same. He addressed envelopes for other clerks and for all the correspondence in the store.

At six Mr. Henner said, "These look very nice. It is six o'clock and your mother is waiting for you. Then Stephen passed all of the desks of cloth but this time only a few girls were wandering about at random and the morning sentinels had all gone, leaving only the paper and pencils as a clue to their previous existence.

After his evening meal Stephen went for a walk by the sea. He had never before consciously planned such a walk, but now it was an escape from the writing and sitting and confining walls. Every evening

he took such a walk, even though, now that it was winter there was hardly any light and all that could be seen was the white foam and further out the breakers. At times he spoke with the men he knew as he walked to the sea wall or back home, but he was pleased to be alone in the wet wind and the crushing cold. There was more comfort here for him than he found at home by the roaring fire with his mother sitting by knowing that she had done the right thing yet worrying for him. He did not like his work, and every day felt frightened at himself for continually doing what he did not want to do. He felt that his mother was molding him into submissiveness. She controlled all of his life between seven thirty in the morning and six at night. She even decided what he would eat between those times. He felt that she took a great deal of his money, although it was just as all mothers take their son's keep out of their wages.

In the spring Stephen's window greened and the brown sticks fell down as they were pushed out of place by the new velvet stems, and the walk to work from home was embroidered by crocus and the pale white and green of snowdrops. The ice crackling melted. The outside walks were the loveliest part of life but they made his work and his narrow home and the cave of Dunn's darker than ever and he hated it all the more because of the contrast. His walks lasted

(Continued on Page 11)



STEPHEN

Con't. from Page 9

long evening hours as the days lengthened for the new year and his mother knew that he hated the cage he was living in, but was determined that he should not fly out of the cage of life altogether.

In the spring, too, Mr. Henner advertised in the local paper for a new clerk. For three days straight the advertisement went unanswered, and there was joking among Stephen and his fellow clerks that boys were too smart now-a-days to work for Dunn's and that nobody in his right mind would willingly hand himself over to Mr. Henner. But somebody did apply, and not only Dunn's but also the town was ablaze with the news. This was the first time that any body had heard of a girl clerk, save for a few rumors of what they were doing in the city. But there she sat, her fellow clerks aghast at her light blue linen dress, the crocus yellow at her throat and a pile of golden hair, which looked ready to fall any minute. Her eyes were the most extraordinary green with light brown lashes; she must have been about twenty. All of the women in the store talked together about her and told their customers, and the boys in the clerking room began their usual morning's work as well as they could. Stephen stared at her over the pile of paper and envelopes on his desk. There were no pins in her hair as far as he could see.

"Boys . . . Ah-hmm", said Mr. Henner, and his clerks brought their attention around to him. "This is Miss Childings who will be working with you . . . proof reading your letters as a matter of fact." He put a fatherly hand on her shoulder, and she smiled, not at him but at the window and Stephen sitting beside the glassed out sky. Nobody even thought of objecting to the fact that she was starting out with considerably easier work than any other beginner had ever done, or that their letters had never been proofread before. "Back to work" said Mr. Henner happily, beaming down at the golden curls and almost skipping out of the office, at which every clerk smiled a "Good morning" at Miss Childings, and turned to his work. Miss Childings too turned to her work, although she did not find a single mistake all morning, and at lunch she slipped out of the front door and joined an older woman who wore a black dress and a black bonnet which left little of her face exposed. Nobody had ever seen either of them before, and although they ate in the corner house they spoke to nobody other than each other. As the lunch hour ended Miss Childings was seen to kiss the other woman on the cheek and return on time. She smiled at all who stared and the clerks murmured "Good afternoon" and she wished them the same before starting work. And so she was for a number of days, and she exchanged nothing with any of the workers in the store, nor anyone else save her luncheon companion. Nobody knew where the two lived, where they came from or really what they were doing there.

Despite the silence between them, Stephen felt that Miss Childings had made his life as a clerk bearable and even interesting on the occasion of her smiling, mysterious greeting. His mother did not question him since it was generally known that she did not speak to the clerks, much less to the salespeople. He heard her comment once or twice on "Mr. Henner's second childhood" under her breath, but other than that no mention was made of the girl, and

Stephen saw no reason that it should be. They talked less and less now, for a smile from an unknown woman each morning and evening was far from being enough to make him happy. Even his evening sea walks could not do that, but only served to briefly cover up his dissatisfactions and vague, misty longings as the new spring sea splashed up and down the pebble rocks and the light brown sand.

One evening he saw a girl a long way ahead of him in the early twilight. She was standing in the surf with her skirt tucked up around her knees, staring into the ocean, and as Stephen got closer he began to sing loudly so as not to startle her. Soon he recognized the girl as Miss Childings. He was amazed at her for being so far from the village, in the late evening with her skirts tucked up around her long, rather thin legs. "Good evening" he said formally, not looking at her legs. Instead he looked at her hair which was half blowing around her and her green eyes which were now a part of the sea. "May I walk you back. It's getting dark," he said.

"Of course," she replied, and stepped out of the cold surf to walk on the sand. She did not have any shoes with her. They walked along without saying anything, Stephen wondering where her shoes were, and what she was doing out here alone.

"You don't like the office, do you?" she said. "Why don't you leave? I know you want to get out where it's green and free. The sea is so green and free . . . why don't you join the sea?"

"Well," said Stephen, "My Mother has lost a husband and my brother at sea, and doesn't want me to go the same way". He wondered how she knew of his feelings.

"But she's losing you anyway. You're circling her like a tied bird . . . tied but still flying, up, out of reach", and a great windy gust pulled all of her golden hair out behind her and her dress blew around her in great billows. "I know a ship, a fine ship which needs young men, and you will be free from everything except yourself", and the wind almost picked her up and blew her, although Stephen did not feel the blast which was encompassing her. He half ran to keep up with her skipping, sailing steps. She reached out for his hand, and he was willing to follow, feeling her spring beside him. "You can leave everything behind you . . . come, it's your turn to act. Everybody has been acting for you . . . decide for yourself," and she was laughing and running into the wind, feeling full of air and freedom and far away from all life other than the wind and her hair. They ran for miles, past where the village should have been, past the clouded quays and the masts until a single ship was in sight pulled up to the sand, with all her sails flying. The two of them waded into the water and white surf, where Stephen climbed on board without seeing any other person, and the girl with her hair all around her stood in the surf and called out to him, "I will tell them all where you are, and that you are happy".

But the next morning no girl came to tell his mother that he was happy. Only the fishermen came who had brought him up out of the surf to lie in the house, and the women from the store and a black bonneted stranger, and not one said "He is happy now".



ANN DEARSLEY

The Market

"I wonder if I have enough paper to last through the day," Mehmet Efendi thought, secretly knowing that he would not have more than four or five petition customers at the most until the afternoon. But he counted the papers anyway, dampening his thumb and index finger at each sheet with the care of a bank teller. Two, five, eight, fifteen, sixteen. As he lifted his thumb from the sixteenth sheet, he saw Kazum Bey hurrying towards his stand, head bent down and his beige raincoat completely wet—probably from walking under the drizzling rain for a long time. Kazum was carrying something heavy-looking under his left arm which Mehmet Efendi could not see entirely. He stretched his lips into a smile to greet Kazum, but stopped, catching a glimpse of the great Royal office typewriter with black keys touching Kazum's wet raincoat. Mehmet Efendi gasped with a half smile pasted on his mouth and two fingers lifted to his lips as if to reproach a child.

Kazum reached his stand beside Mehmet Efendi, averting his eyes from the star of his colleague. He set the Royal on his table and squeezed his stocky body onto his small wooden chair. Mehmet Efendi gazed at Kazum, then to the typewriter and back to Kazum. Finally, he spoke in an even, low voice. "You have been quite delayed," he said without using his name.

"Yes."

"You have been dampened by rain."

"Yes." Kazum licked his lips.

"I had to walk around in order to buy the . . ." Kazum breathed in, looking at the Royal. He then turned his eyes to Mehmet Efendi. "No use," he said. "I could not keep up anymore; nobody," he lowered his high-pitched voice, "nobody wants long-hand masterpieces of petitions anymore." He glanced at the Royal machine for a moment. "They pay for the typewritten ones. Look, Mehmet Efendi, don't blame me; I have children; they need . . ."

"Pardon my interruption," an old man with a black coat hardly covering his protruding belly spoke, bending towards Mehmet Efendi's stand.

Mehmet Efendi lifted his eyes from Kazum to the crumpled face of the old man with colorless, greyish hair.

"You write petitions, I believe."

"Yes, sir; may I be of service to you?" Mehmet Efendi's heart was beating faster in spite of his calm voice.

"Make the necessary corrections, too." The man unbuttoned his coat, already about to burst, and

The man with the black coat nodded, "I want this petition written to the passport department. I want to visit my son in Rumania, and they want a legal petition." He handed a yellowish striped paper with a few paragraphs of crooked words scratched on it.

Mehmet Efendi knitted his eyebrows to be able to read the words, leaning unconsciously to right and left.

lighted a Yenice cigarette.

Mehmet Efendi breathed deeply. He did not want to look at Kazum; it would be too impolite and cruel; but from the side of his eye, Mehmet Efendi could see Kazum's bent head and wet raincoat. Mehmet Efendi took a sheet of paper, dipped his silver-tipped pen lovingly in the inkpot and began the petition, murmuring, "Bismillah" under his breath. "Most Respectful Sir," he wrote, slowly, connecting the curves as carefully as if writing a poem.

The man with the colorless hair puffed the smoke over Mehmet Efendi impatiently. "Make it quick," he said. "I don't want to spend the whole morning here. I've got a thousand other things to do." He puffed another cloud of smoke over Mehmet Efendi.

"They won't let me visit my son in Rumania easily, so write it quickly."

Mehmet Efendi looked up, blinking against the smoke burning his eyes. "I want to create a good petition," he said, "a beautiful one." He squinted at the huge, puffing figure in front of him. "I imagine you would like to have an outstanding one to impress the department of . . ."

"Allah, Allah," the man murmured impatiently. "Man, I want a petition, not a painting." Then he glanced at Kazum with his typewriter sitting beside Mehmet Efendi's stand. "Wait a minute," he said. "I did not see the typist petition writer." He extended his hand, "Let me have that petition; I'll have it typed." The colorless-haired man snatched the paper from Mehmet Efendi's hand and threw a twenty-five kuruş piece on the table.

Mehmet Efendi reached for the silverpiece, held it in his hand feeling the coolness of the metal, then threw it slowly at the mud pool at the taxi stand.

Kazum glanced quickly at the sound of the metal clinking on the asphalt, then looked at Mehmet Efendi. Slowly he returned his eyes to the Royal typewriter, staring at the keys guiltily like a child caught in the act of stealing black grapes from a fruit stand.

"So write this petition very quickly," the man was saying, oblivious of the silverpiece behind him beside the mud pool. "I want to see my son in Rumania . . ."

Kazum blinked and glanced with lifted eyebrows at Mehmet Efendi, then began hitting the keys on the white sheet of paper he put quickly in his machine for the passport petition.

Mehmet Efendi lifted his collar. Both typewriters at his side were pounding heavily, one for the father of the son in Rumania, the other for the rural red-moustached man still amazed at the skill of Cetin in hitting the keys so quickly and noisily. Mehmet Efendi bit his lip covering his teeth with his upper lip. He looked at the R.M. insignia on the hokka inkpot, then lowered his eyes to the brownish, age spots on his hands. His fingers were trembling slightly. Suddenly he felt like an antique chair placed in a barren cement room. Mehmet Efendi tightened his silk scarf. "Nobody wants," Kazum had said. "Nobody wants them."

Mehmet Efendi's wrists began to throb with an aching numbness. "My rheumatism," Mehmet Efendi thought, panicking. "It is starting again." The throbbing moved to his palm, then to his fingers, slowly increasing more and more. "I must warm my hands," Mehmet Efendi murmured. "I should have worn gloves." He thought of the hot copper mangal at home, and the gold carved metal plates on the walls. Mehmet Efendi slowly got up, his ears pierced with the sharp noise of the typewriters. He put his pens and hokka inkpot in his black leather bag. He held the white batch of papers for a moment. Then he looked at Kazum typing quickly, efficiently on his Royal. Mehmet closed the black bag with his free hand and walked out of his stand. He approached Kazum and slowly put the papers on the stand beside the typewriter without a word or glance. Kazum stopped, looked at the papers, then at Mehmet Efendi with amazement, his nose glistening with wetness. Mehmet Efendi slightly shook his head and walked away.

As he crossed the street towards the Yeni Mosque, a driver shouted from the window of an old sedan, commenting on the absent-minded old men who want to get run over. Mehmet Efendi continued walking slowly; his shoulders drooped under his ambassador-style coat. It was a long way home across the Golden Horn on the shaky little ferryboat; but the copper mangal would be still warm, and Fahamet would have his jasmine tea and silk robe ready for him.

A Legacy

Come now, old ones,
Let us join hands in a square.
The tavern of winds is a good place
To begin the noise of our going.

I've had my share of those casual curiosities,
The think, toad blink
Of afterdinner,
Conestogas and Benjamin,
Kites and keys,
Nights in windy apple trees,
And a slender, reaching ribbon snake
Of inching, pinching Chance-to-take.

Now, the blood falls among the warm adobe ruins,
And I would like to watch the ocean.
Stuffed on the bread of years,
Shortening and unleavened,
I grew and gave with the country,
Stretched myself upon it
Like a rug before the fire.
Red hypnosis leapt along my fertile vision,
And all the hour short, I felt those tugging
Mittened fingers behind my ears,
And still the tickle lingers.

I am drunk; good, hard, homemade and
 hammocked drunk.
Laugh it down.
That's wine for a draughty heart.
The land brews bubbles in old stump kettles,
And lets me lick the rim.

Yes, I've had my share.
Put loves and wars in candlebooks
For you to burn
Late some night when God returns.
Even now, the sun grown stout,
Fun-bullets slice the air,
Adam sits on a dare,
And Eves go out.

So, take off your boots, old ones;
Give the devil a dancing damn and find
 the fiddler a coin.
Time and wine
Plant deep behind
Those seeds of beggar's loin.

HEATHER ROSS MILLER



15.

Pen and Ink Drawing

LILLY WILEY

HAIKU

- I. Standing by the pool
I sadly toss in pebbles
Hundreds of years made.
- II. A premature spring —
The clouds were still floating the
Wrong way down the stream.
- III. I mowed the green grass.
A needed job though thousands
Of voices cried "Murder".
- IV. Children rob bird's nests
While my dark body lies here
Playing catch with death.
- V. Couples in the park —
How longingly the widow
Gazes at the sea.
- VI. The pine wind blows high.
I sit by the cabin fire
Warming my old dreams.
- VII. One-minute-old New Year —
If they ask, tell them the birth
Was too much for her.
- VIII. For something to do,
I hung the stars on a pine
Outside my window.
- IX. A clear winter night —
Trim air kisses me as my
Feet slap the pavement.
- X. Walking thru the night
I stop and look at the lone
Leaf on a cold tree.
- XI. I woke suddenly —
An almost silent rain had
Sealed me from the world.
- XII. I opened my eyes
And saw my long body
Stretched out still asleep.

MARTHA A. FOUNTAIN

16.

Spring Season Song

Spring remembers days of shirttail youngness;
cherishes tree-house secrets,
and plays
alone
in buttercup meadows.

Spring tweeks the noses of bashful brooks,
and coyly tickles
half-shy breezes
with a robinfeather
wand.

Spring runs, calling
"Catch me if you can"
and runs
and jumps
behind a pensive stump,

and when you look . . .
Spring's gone.

STELLA JEFFERSON



Number Three

DEANNA GUFFEY

